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POEM

UPON THE

CONCLUSION

OF THE

PEACE of EUROPE

AND

His MAJESTY's Happy Return.

By HAESTRECT JAMES, Gent.

Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

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WHEN Great *Auguſtus* the World's *Empire* ſway'd,
Prompted by Duty, all Mankind obey'd;
Happy! thirce Happy! They no Grumbler knew,
But each paid *Cæſar* what was *Cæſar*'s Due:
Each dwelt contented under his own Vine,
Free from the Danger of a baſe Deſigne.
No bold Aſſaſſines *Monarchy* to Curb,
Poyſon, nor *Dagger*, did Mankind diſtrub;
All kept the *Laws*, each to his *City* went,
When noble *Cæſar* for his *Tribute* ſent:
After each other chearfully they preſt,
And prov'd that they deſerv'd to be at Reſt.
Peace was a Bleſſing which they rarely knew;
Nor did they grudge the Paying for it too:
Not a mean Soul wou'd from their Taxing run,
Or cry'd, That in their Wealth they were undone.
Peace made *Arts* flouriſh; then young *Ovid* writ,
And Charm'd fair *Julia* with his ſprightly *Wit*;

The

The *Mantuan Poet* then was in Eſteem,
And *Cæſar*'s Bounty ſpoke a Worth in him;
Then for *Reward*, was only to be Brave,
And none contriv'd their Country to Enſlave.

Freſh Dawnings of thoſe happy Days appear,
And *Janus* cloſes up this peaceful Year;
Naſſaw the *Brave* proclaims it ſhall be Peace,
And the Grand *Lewis* may his Boaſting ceaſe.

Welcome Great WILLIAM from the *Belgick* Shore!
Stay ever here, and truſt the Seas no more;
Truſt not to Seas, nor to the faithleſs Wind,
But truſt to faithful Subjects that are kind:
Aſſume that Power which you ſo juſtly Claim;
Forgive your Foes, and let them bluſh for Shame:
To have you Govern, now muſt be their Pride,
And cloſe ſuch Breaches Folly once made wide:
Now Hand in Hand, each will ſalute his Friend,
And only in the *Loyal* Part contend:
In the ſame Intereſt of one *Monarch* hold,
Like the two Famous *Tribes* we read of old.

Could I here ſing thoſe Wonders have been wrought,
With the ſame *Glory* which our *Hero* fought:
Could I deſcribe thoſe Dangers he has run,
With that Applauſe in which the Deed was done;
With all the Circumſtance of Time and Place,
Which did the Mighty Hero's Triumph Grace:
Then would my Pen immortal be in Fame,
Like His, who did the *Trojan* War proclaim.

Thoſe *Græcian Cheifs* who got themſelves Renown,
In Ten Years ſtorming of one ſingle Town;
Hybernia by thy Arms was quickly won.
Scomberg fought well, but fail'd of that Succeſs,
Which did the Arms of *Mighty Naſſaw* Bleſs:
And whilſt the rapid *Boyne* retains a Force,
To Actions paſt, Hiſtorians have Recourſe;
Will to ſucceeding Ages tell thy Praiſe,
And in Eternal Glory Triumphs raiſe.

The Bullet at the *Boyne* with gentle Touch,
Convinc'd the World your Danger could Approach:
Made your *Friends* dread your Bravery and Skill;
Forc'd *Foes* to vouch You Great againſt their Will.

While *London-derry* ſtands, her Walls will be
An Inſtance of Religious Piety:
Who in a brave Reſiſtance ſtill were *True*,
And had the Mighty *Naſſaw*'s *Soul* in View;
With that all Oppoſition was in vain;
They reap the Profit of Your happy Reign.

Athlone will in Fame's Annals find a Place,
Whilſt Time remains, or Valour is a Grace:
Poſterity which is as yet unborn,
Will with a Noble Emulation ſcorn
To be Out-brav'd by that which here was done:
And when they talk of Storming of a *Town*,
Will cry, The fierceſt Storming was *Athlone*.
Honour'd by Him, who does your Title bear,
Who of *Hibernia*'s Fate took ſpecial Care.

To ſtately *Lymeric* we next advance,
With Ramparts which defy'd the Power of Chance:
Led by His Arms, on whom Succeſs doth wait,
Leaſt by Delay they meet a Storming Fate,
Gladly receive the *Victor* at her Gate:
The *Gallick* Power in Modeſty retire,
And with a ſecret Bluſh his Worth admire.

A Theme ſo vaſt might to a Volume ſwell;
Here I might ſing of *Cork* where *Grafton* fell;
That Noble Youth who made his Valour known,
Who ſpoke the Royal Father in a Son;
By a too early Fate here bravely dy'd,
The Seaman's Darling, and his Country's Pride.
Born to relieve, and ſuccour the Diſtreſt,
And in Fame's Volume plac'd among the Beſt.

Of *Galloway*, and Towns of leſſer Name,
I cannot Treat, tho' they all merit Fame;

But to new Matters muſt withdraw my Pen,
To Treat of Countries on the diſtant Main.

The Battle of *Seneff* ſo early Fought,
So full of Glory, cannot be forgot:
No, nor yet *Mons* whoſe lofty Turrets ſtand,
To Juſtifie the Proweſs of your Hand;
Aeth, *Charleroy*, the Monarchy of *Spain*,
Are well ſecur'd, whilſt here in *Peace* you *Reign*;
Mean Profit was the leaſt of all your Care,
Your's was the Honour, They your *Bounty* ſhare:
'Tis this makes diſtant Countries ſound your Fame,
And court the Place from whence ſuch Glory came:
Were the Place doubtful, whence you firſt took Birth,
Each Nation would contend for ſo much Earth:
Not to ſev'n *Cities* would themſelves confine,
In this each to Ambition would incline.

Is the Place Happy then, where you was Born,
More Happy *Albion*, you her Crown adorn:
In Juſtice ſway the Scepter in your Hand,
With *Peace* bring *Plenty* to this fruitful Land.
Make Commerce free, our former Trade reſtore,
Like the laſt *Teudor* who ſuch Honour bore,
And Rul'd, no Monarch Rul'd ſo well before;
She made Aſpiring *Spain* with Shame confeſs,
Their Strength was more, but yet their Courage leſs;
And whilſt the Fort of *Tilbury* ſhall laſt,
Succeeding Times will tell what here has paſt.
She liv'd to ſee the Potent *Spaniard* Rage,
And dy'd the Glory of the latter Age.

Great Sir!
With Fam'd *Eliza*'s *Sceptre* in your Hand,
Your *Foes* you quell, and all your *Friends* command:
A Sceptre made the * *Roman Pontiff* know,
That She cou'd conſecrated Fleets o'rethrow.

* Sextus Quintus.

Now as the laſt revolving Year is ſpent,
And Peace brought home, which gives Mankind Content;

So

So in the Croud of thoſe that do Addreſs,
Pardon my Zeal, let Me my Joy expreſs,
Duty commands, nor Inclination leſs.
But who can *Trophies* to ſuch Honour Raiſe,
Where *Merit* is above the Power to *Praiſe* !

Who of *Namure*, in lofty Strains can ſing,
In Strains like *Homer*, with his Thoughts on Wing;
Can e'ry Action of his Soul employ,
Like Him who ſweetly ſung the Siege of *Troy*.
He, with Advantage to that glorious Deed,
May in due Numbers write, and may ſucceed.
Pourtray the Merit of that glorious Day,
In which *France* gaz'd to ſee our Cannon Play.
To See! And only See! Whilſt looking on,
The daring *Villeroy* with *French Battoon*,
Retires in Rage, and quits the ſtately *Town*.
Steenkirk would be a Subject fit to write,
For him who draws his Pen as you can fight.

Yet ſince *Old Bards* will ſilent be in ſpight,
To have new Starters Shipwrack when they write:
May they purſue their Obſtinacy ſtill,
And when they next would write, want Power, not Will;
Whilſt I, the Mighty *Naſſaw*'s Worth proclaim,
With Zeal; (but yet in Words beneath his Fame.)

Grumblers will own it adds unto your Pride,
To gain the Power of *France* unto your ſide:
That *Darling Succourer* of *Kings* Diſtreſt;
As Great, as Wiſe, he knew which Cauſe was beſt,
And turn'd a certain *Title* to a Jeſt:
Towns got by former *Arts* he will reſtore,
And plights his *Faith* to do ſuch things no more.
He! He who made the trembling World to ſtart,
Takes the ſame Int'reſt, is one Voice, one Heart:
Juſtice requires that we ſhould Reaſon do,
Boaſt of Reſpect, which diſtant *Monarchs* ſhow.
Monarchs with *Empires* vaſt as is the Mind,
Court his high Favour, tempt him to be Kind;
Proffer their Country's Wealth, and Trade for Ours,
Theſe are the Bleſſings *Peace* upon Us ſhow'rs:

The ſweet Effects of this we daily reap,
Our *Trade* we follow, and our *Flocks* we keep;
No Dread of Evening Wolves, or Midnight Cries,
That *Foes* are near, and would our *Folds* ſurprize;
Whilſt we remain the *Soveteign* of the *Seas*,
None ſure will rudely covet to diſpleaſe;
For when our Safety on our Strength depends,
Reaſon ſuggeſts that all of Courſe are Friends.

On then, Great PRINCE, and with that Mildneſs *Rule*,
As does beſt ſuit the Greatneſs of your *Soul*;
Inſtead of Storming *Towns*, take Hearts by Storm,
And in each Breaſt of Worth an Empire form:
Teach us to value what the World admires,
Teach Virtue ſuch as noble Breaſts inſpires;
Greatneſs and *Goodneſs* when they ſtand ally'd,
In *Juſtice* will the Helm of *Empire* guide;
All diſagreeing Parties will unite,
And for your *Safety* bravely *Draw* and *Fight*;
For you have gain'd a Conqueſt on each Heart,
Cowards will ſtrive to act the Hero's Part;
Will court Occaſion to expreſs their Zeal,
In Aiding of a *Prince* they love ſo well,
But if it Fate,
That ſome his Generoſity abuſe,
And his mild Conduct baſely do miſuſe:
Let them the Torture of Malignants bear,
And let their Heads be fill'd with carping *Care*.
The melancholy Night, tho' it be long,
Uſhers a Day, and *Malice* that is ſtrong;
May by kind Uſage be to *Friendſhip* bent,
Or come what will, yet it was bravely meant:
Offers to Love do Satisfaction bring,
And turn ſtill to the *Glory* of a *King*;
If ever *Clemency* was deem'd a Crime,
For want of other Faults lay that on him;
But if to Fight where *Tyrants* do moleſt,
And to Relieve whole Kingdoms (when Oppreſt,)
Does merit *Fame*; then here's a Man indeed,
Others may imitate, but None exceed.

May your *Great Name* increaſe ſtill with your Years,
As your high *Merit* diſſipates our Fears;
May all thoſe Joys on happy *Monarchs* wait,
Attend to Crown the *Glory* of your State:
Henceforth let none the Name of Party know,
Let each forget he ever had a Foe:
Once to miſtake's an Error of the *Mind*,
You meet a *Prince* that is as *Juſt* as *Kind*,
One that delights Himſelf in doing Good,
Grieves for your Sake he ever was withſtood;
So well he Merits what he did obtain,
His *Foes* abroad confeſs Him fit to Reign:
All *Europe* owns that amply we are Bleſt,
And when they talk of *Monarchs*, think Him *Beſt*.

We who now reap the Benefit of Law,
In a Great *Prince* (who does *Protect*, not Awe,)
Ought to our *Benefactor* to be juſt,
And (without Cauſe) not meanly to miſtruſt:
And if that Rule does now for Standard hold,
Which *Solomon* obſerv'd to be of old,
That there was *Time to Dance and Time to Sing*,
Sure the Time's proper now to Praiſe the *King*,
T'Admire thoſe Wonders which his Arms have wrought,
Wonders indeed! Which are beyond our Thought.
That he could make the *Gallick Force* to bend,
And the Grand *Lewis* ſign himſelf his *Friend*.

So Great a Prince might our old *Laureat* raiſe,
To celebrate ſo Brave a *Monarch*'s Praiſe;
He who ſo long, (ſo well) the *Stage* ſupply'd,
Might with his fierce *Almanzor* change his ſide;
For as himſelf obſerves, *There's no Pretenſion*, Pro. to Seb.
To argue Loſs of Wit, from Loſs of Penſion.
Now with ſuch great Advantage draw thy Pen,
Retrieve that Honour which you've loſt again:
Why ſhould a ſtubborn Harſhneſs drown thy Voice,
Break Silence when you find the World rejoyce:
Your Friends you'll pleaſe at this Converſion wrought,
And own Delay in you had been a Fault:

Write in the lofty Strain of *Abſolon*,
And in thoſe Numbers you make *Virgil* run:
Then will his Actions bloſſom in the Duſt,
And to your *Country's Honour* prove you Juſt.

From hence all Enmity will dye and ceaſe,
And Amity ſucceed the Joys of *Peace*:
Snarling *Brown*'s Satyr will to Flames ſubmit,
And Railing paſs no more for Standard-wit:
No *Guild-hall* Faction to moleſt the *State*,
All envious *Fops* will find no Cauſe to *Hate*,
No Wagers laid to ruin half the *State*:
All of one *Mind*, our Country's good Advance,
And leave Succeſſion unto TIME and CHANCE.

FINIS.